

THE

PUND NAMUH;

OR,

A SYSTEM OF ETHICS.

BY

SHYKH SUUDEE,

OF SHIRAZ.

INTRODUCTION
TO
THE PUND NAMUH.

PREPARATORY to the version of the “Pund namuh,” the reader is presented with a brief outline of Suúdee the illustrious original; he was born at Sheeraz, the capital of “Fars,” or Persia proper, A. D. 1175.—A member of the religious order of Dervishes, he spent most of his time in travelling; but being taken prisoner by the crusaders, he was compelled to labour on the fortifications of Tripoli; where being casually seen by a merchant of Aleppo, an old friend of his, he was generously ransomed for ten golden crowns. This merchant’s daughter he afterwards married; with whom however, he does not appear to have enjoyed much happiness. This series of strange incidents, Suúdee, philosophically and humourously relates in the second chapter of the Goolistan (dur akhlaqi durveshan, “on the Morals of Durveshes”) with which the reader is here presented, as throwing still farther light on his history.

“Being completely wearied with the society of my friends at Damascus, I turned my face towards the holy wilderness, (the desert of Jerusalem) and took up companionship with the brute creation, until the time that I became a prisoner to Frankish chains. They detained me in the moat of Tripoli with some Jews to dig clay, until one of the chief men of Aleppo, between myself and whom there subsisted an old intimacy, passing by, recognized me, and said, ‘in what state do I see you; and how do you pass your time?’ I replied, I had fled from mankind to the mountains and desert, since on no other than God can we place dependance ; imagine what my condition was at that moment, when I was compelled to associate with worse than men; (na murdan, not-men.)

“Pai dur zunjeer peshee dostan
Bih kih ba beganuh dur boostan.”

“The feet in chains, in company with our friends,
Is better than being in a garden with strangers.”

“He took pity on my miserable condition, and for ten dinars freed me from the captivity of the Franks, and took me with him to Aleppo. He had a daughter دختری (dokhturee,) whom he gave me in marriage with a portion of 100 dinars. After a certain time had elapsed, she proved of a bad disposition, contentious and disobedient, and began to be abusive ; (zuban duraze kurdun girist, began

to make the tongue of length,) and destroyed my happiness ; as they have said,

“ A bad tempered woman, in a good man’s house,
Even in this world, is his hell.”

“ Beware how you connect yourself with one of a bad disposition,

And defend us, oh our Lord, from this fiery trial !”

“ On one occasion, lengthening the tongue of reproach, she said, “ art thou not he whom my father redeemed from Frankish captivity for ten dinars ?” I said yes ; he certainly redeemed me for ten dinars, but delivered me into your hands for a hundred.

MUSNUVEE.

“ I have heard that a certain great man delivered A sheep from the teeth and claw of a wolf, But at night applied a knife to his throat : The expiring sheep complained of him (saying) You have snatched me from the claw of the wolf, But I have seen you at last act the very wolf towards me.”

Suúdee’s principal works are the Goolistan, or rose garden (a beautiful miscellany of moral tales in prose and verse), published A. D. 1257. The Boostan, or fruit garden ; the Moolamuat, or “ rays,” and the Pund namuh, or book of ethics ; and like Bocaccio amongst the Italians, to such a pitch of perfection did he carry his compositions, that even

at this day they are considered as standards of the modern Persian language. This celebrated poet died A. D. 1291, at the venerable age of 116 years. In the subsequent version, the translator, while endeavouring to attend to the Horatian precept, of transferring the spirit of the original, trusts that he has not neglected the equally important duty of faithfulness.

In the scope and tendency of these Moosoolman precepts, they are not unlike the *Γνωμαι*, or ethics, of Theognis; with this exception, that the principles of the former, approximate more nearly to the doctrines of the christian code.

There are also the ethics of Feriddeen Attar, and the moral fables of Nizamee. In the subsequent version, the author has endeavoured to give some idea of the terseness of the original, very generally closing the sense in the corresponding lines; and not unfrequently sacrificing poetic ornament to truth.

THE

ETHICS OF SHYKH SUŪDEE.

In the name of God, the merciful, the clement.^a

INVOCATION TO GOD AND HIS OWN SOUL.

VOUCHSAFE our hopeless thrall one pitying ray,
Since,^b fetter'd captives of dark Passion's sway,
No might we boast, no arm to shield, save thine,
Absolving, sin-sufficient, Light divine :—
And, oh ! defend us from yon erring gloom ;
Then, purg'd from guilt, with spotless life illume.
Long, long as in his ivory palace dwell
The lord of speech,^c dear to this heart, shall swell
Muhumed's praise, heaven-guested; noblest seer,
Who, thron'd on radiant glory's dazzling sphere,

(Rapt on by victor-fleetness, Booraq's might,^d)
 High o'er the empyrean vault upwing'd his flight.
 Yet forty circling spheres of being past,
 And childhood's genius cleaves to thec at last !
 All, all in lust and pride, ignobly spent,
 Nor suppliant breathing hast thou heaven-ward sent !
 Prop not thyself upon life's staff of guile,
 Nor rest secure of fate, nor fortune's glozing smile.

ON THE GLORY OF GENEROSITY^a

WHEVER my soul the feast of Bounty spreads,
 His name throughout this orb, a lustre sheds :
 Worlds of renown, the grateful theme proclaim,
 And sure Prosperity enshrines his name.
 No traffic, nobler in this busy sphere ;
 Than this bazaar, more crowded, none appear !

Sure fount of joy, of termless bliss to thee,
 Whose meed is radiant life's eternity !
 Thy fame, (cheer but yon heart thy generous store,)
 A full-voiced World,^b shall hail from shore to shore.
 Thence, constancy of love directing all,
 Bless like the Lord of life, each suppliant's call.
 Choice of those heaven-born sons, the amiable,
 With whom prosperity of good shall dwell !
 Thou, o'er earth's realms, a peerless sovereign be,
 By gentleness and Liberality,
 Till rapt to climes of bliss, the eternal year
 Thou wield that sceptre that thou wieldedst here !
 Choice of the sage, devote to bless mankind,
 The lov'd profession of the truly kind ;—
 The chemic test of meanness' base alloy ;
 Balm for each mortal pang, till grief be joy ;—
 Long as thou canst, check not thy noble aim,
 That thou mayst bear the ball,^c in Bounty's gener-
 ous game.

ON HUMILITY.

SHEDS Meekness o'er thy heart its chosen grace?
Then hail a friend in all thy fellow race!
Humility lights up the jewell'd brow,
As suns, o'er paler orbs their lustre throw.
Thus, beings of fragile mould, of lowly clay,
Let graceful courtesy of gesture sway;
No gem like this, to grace the gentle mind,
Save true politeness, can the polish'd find.
Here, honor's blushing increase thou shalt see;
In Paradise, sublime futurity.
Submissive acts mankind in friendship blend,
And high his rank, who boasts a faithful friend.
To beings of habits meek, the humble heart
A dignified fruition shall impart;—
It is the key to radiant Paradise,
Promotion's ornament, and regal prize;
"Twill make thee precious in this world of strife;"
Dear to all hearts, shalt thou be as the life!

Exalted thus, shall soar each private state,
 Thus grac'd the mighty chief of warrior fate!
 Oh, sweeter far to own this virtue mild,
 Than mourn in man the haughty passions wild!
 Choice of the truly sage, with heav'nly glow,
 That branch, fruit-laden, droops its graceful brow.
 No milder virtue towards thy subjects check,
 Nor hang the sword of vengeance o'er their neck!
 A jewell'd robe o'er grandeur, meekness throws;
 Yield not to menials then,^b a gem that richly
 glows.

IN REPROBATION OF PRIDE.

OF Pride, my son, beware ! whose mighty thrall
 To headlong ruin hurls the airy fall;
 Whence loath'd by Wisdom, Arrogance shall stand
 A monster foreign to the sage's land,—

Whose haughty habits, (brood of ignorance,)
 Threat not, ungender'd in the pious glance.
 Thus Uzazeel,^a with ruin'd glories, fell
 To prison'd curses^b in a dungeon'd hell.
 This lust of innate fixedness, we see
 Image the brain diseased, with vanity ;
 Till, like some cank'ring shoot, life's rising source
 Blast the base scion, and its fruitage curse !
 Thus, since thou own'st pride's fierce and guilty flame,
 Why sin, and dye thy cheek with triple shame ?

ON THE EXCELLENCE OF KNOWLEDGE.

THE sons of Adam scale Perfection's height
 From Wisdom, not parade, nor wealth, nor might!^a
 Through midnight gloom should the ray'd know-
 ledge glow,
 Till all the Deity thy breast o'erflow :

Whence, mirror'd with Prosperity, thy star,
 Through reason's choice shall shed her beams afar,
 Brightning the sage who scans the exhaustless lore,
 A throng'd Bazaar's imperishable store.

List the stern mandate, though with voice sublime,
 Invoke that ardent search, some stranger-clime ;^b
 For things divine and human 'twill embrace,
 And vest each plan with harmony of grace !

Learn nought ere this, the first yet saddening theme,
 " Man void of wisdom forms neglect's extreme."

Go!—grasp her robe of light, whilst ling'ring here,
 And she shall waft thee to a nobler sphere.

IN REPROBATION OF THE PARSIMONIOUS.

SHOULD the bright orbs that grace the circling year
 Wheel at the miser's nod their swift career,

And were Prosperity his Slave, with will
 To haste obsequious at his bidding, still
 Should his vast stores unshrinking treasures^a own,
 And worlds of life depend on him alone;—
 Were Fortune listed in his menial train,
 It boots him not such boundless pow'r to gain.
 Cement not friendship with the sordid great,
 Howe'er exalted by a name or state.—
 No ! were the grovelling zealot lord of all
 That heave in ocean, grace the verdant ball,—
 His heart unsoothed, no tender joys may know,
 Unsmoothed the furrows of his faded brow.
 Boasts he an independence from that store ? }
 No ! for insatiate as the famish'd poor, }
 In wretchedness of wealth, he craves for more^{!b} }
 Not so the Liberal ; he, in grateful part,
 Enjoys the fruits that flourish in his heart ;
 Whilst o'er the sordid wretch in vile controul,
 His canker'd treasures feed upon the soul !^c

ON ASSOCIATING WITH THE IGNORANT.

ACT not, if sage and prudent, O my heart,
In league with Ignorance, thy nobler part ;
From idiot Folly, with an arrow's flight
Retire, for gloom can never dwell with light.^a
Were fiery dragon thy terrific mate,^b
Better than mingle with a fool thy fate.—
A mortal enmity, whose feuds ne'er end,
Better than ruin from a senseless friend.
Say, what more despicable earth's light hath found,
Than fools immersed in ignorance profound ?
Beware then of this vice; 'twere wise I wot,
Ere infamy and ruin crown thy lot.
From brutes like these, expect but actions vile,
To hear of sordid deed, and grovelling guile.
Such fatal errors point the downward road,
Whose paths from goodness lead, and ruin bode ;
Better such skulls should grace the gibbet's brow,^c
Than 'neath the curse of endless scorn to bow !

EULOGY ON JUSTICE.

SINCE that the Lord of heaven each suppliant sigh
Hath crown'd with grace, exalt his praise on high.
If Justice crown the vast imperial state,
This virtue, as thy heart, be nobly great !
Bas'd on this rock, thy shockless empire stands,
Rear'd by the friendly might of Righteous hands !
That distant monarch,^a whose unbending choice
Of Justice stern, bade the oppress'd rejoice, }
E'en now, his name is hail'd with grateful voice. }
Dwell in this globe thy claim's unbiass'd Right,
And to thy lovers yield a pure delight !
From thy deep impress win a nation's rest,
And every subject's hopes in thee be blest.
What nobler architect, in this our sphere,
Than Justice? for in awful grandeur here,
What loftier column doth its brow uprear?
What prize at last, what gain so truly great.
As Justice' self, to take thy name and state?

Wouldst thou, aspiring to a deathless fame,
 A lasting monument from virtue claim,
 List to thy people's woes, console the poor,
 And on oppression close the regal door.
 Withhold no kindness^b from thy subjects, Sire ;
 The pray'r of Justice hear, and grant the heart's
 desire.

ON OPPRESSION.^a

As lovely gardens, wrecked by autumn's blast,
 Whirlwind Injustice o'er this earth hath past.
 Thus, should Oppression o'er all ranks incline,
 Thine empire's sun shall mourn a swift decline ;
 For he who hurls its baleful fires on high,
 Wrings from the tribes of earth the avenging sigh.
 O'er feeble poverty, who bears fierce sway,
 Doubtless shall tread hell's dark and cheerless way ;

Since hearts oppress'd, that sigh for liberty,
Spread wide the flames of strife o'er land and sea.
Yet pause at last ! and scan yon narrow grave,
Nor whelm the wretched with Oppression's wave.
Lend not thy soul to act the tyrant's part,
Slighting the sighings of a people's heart ;
Nor deal th' afflictive curse thy subjects dread,
Lest God's swift vengeance light upon thy head.

EULOGY ON CONTENTMENT.

If o'er thee here Contentment shed its ray,
Hail in the climes of rest a sceptred sway !
Should keen distress, from indigence enthrall,
Grieve not ; the truly sage heed not the call
Of wealth, and poverty owns no disgrace,
For e'en our holy seer, of noble race,

Gloried in this ;—grieve not if poor thy lot ;
Taxless the beggar holds his humble cot.
Wealth may adorn its care-worn, dazzled guest,
Yet, ah, how sweet the peasant's tranquil rest ;
Sov'reign content to ev'ry being is giv'n,
Whose gentle horoscope foretels his heaven.
With its bright rays illume thy soul's dark shrine,
As riseth o'er our sphere, the fount of light divine.

IN REPROBATION OF AVARICE.

Poor wretch ! ensnared by sordid Avarice,
See drunk the insensate, from that gilded vice ;
Wreck not a life then, o'er the golden guile,
Since the mean prize, when gain'd, proves doubly
vile.
For chain'd by glitt'ring links of bondage rife,
Thou giv'st the winds the harvest of a life.

Yet, granted, an unshrinking, boundless mine,
The boasted treasures of the spheres^a were thine,
Thou must at last, embosom'd by the earth,
Be levell'd with the wretched from their birth.
Why toil'st thou then around this evil root,
Doom'd suddenly to perish underfoot?
Why thy poor life in sordid traffic pass,
And stagger 'neath the burden as an ass?^b
Or prowling as some wolf, in darkling gloom,
Reck'st not the day that tells thy final doom?
Thus o'er thy treasure hang with fond delight,
Till e'en thy wilder'd senses take their flight?
Thus give thy soul up to the pictured lie,
Till e'en thy heart's become a second die?^c
Let not that heart to joys so base be given,
That thou, for earthly dreams, wouldest barter
heaven.

ON PIETY AND DEVOTION.

WHO would in fortune win a changeless friend,
His heart's desires, his sighs, will heav'nward
tend ;
Nor from that gentle yoke will swerve aside,
Whose paths to riches, as to glory, guide.
A constancy of bliss, Devotion thine ;
'The soul illumin'd by thy light divine !
For thee, thus strong in pray'r, the spirit's health,
Ope the vast portals of eternal wealth !
Swerves not the sage, from pure Devotion's shrine,
Whose power is mighty, as its Lord divine ;
Fix on creation's beam the adoring gaze,
Bow'd in the temple of extatic praise ;
With chastest temperance adorn the breast,
In blooming paradise a constant guest.
Thy heart's ablution^a in devotion's streams
Perform, lest doom'd ere dawn, to quenchless
flames ;

For hallowed truth exalt thy suppliant voice,
 'Till her true riches bid thy heart rejoice.
 Thence rays of piety thy path invest,
 Till, like the blessed, thou be truly blest;^b
 Thus, if observant of God's holy law,
 Thou wait'st the day of doom, with hope, though
 trembling awe.

ON SATAN AND SINNERS.

ALAS ! the wretch Satanic power may sway,
 Groans in the bounds of sin by night and day ;
 Who basely serves at that dark leader's nod,
 How shall he turn him to the path of God ?
 My heart beware ! shun thou each dreaded course,
 Or the next dawn shall sting thee with remorse.
 For whosoe'er be Satan's slavish guest,
 How shall hail the realms of endless rest ?

Break off thy crimes ! or be assured of this,
 The deepest dungeon of the deep abyss ^a
 Is thine :—the pure from ev'ry taint abstain,
 For honied sweets are lost from mingling rain. ^b
 Flies the blest saint would guilt its power resume,
 For brightest suns are veil'd by clouded gloom.
 Yield not thy step to lusts unbounded sway,
 Lest sudden hell receive thee as her prey ;
 Nor desert ruin makes life's temple fair
 With the wild torrent of fierce passions here.
 If distant thus from all-degrading vice,
 Oh, thou art near the bowers of rosy paradise.

ON DIVINE LOVE AND WINE.^a

GIVE me, fair youth, that goblet clothed with fire,
 Which swells the panting soul with chaste desire ;

Those ruby blushes in the chalic'd gold,
Soul blest, like beauty's glowing lip unfold :
Waters of life ! that vintage hither bear,
Whose fragrant breathings waft the soul from care;
Fraught with rich blessings, as when angel grace
Beams purest lustre o'er the lovely face.

Sweet is that stream all hallowed by the blest,
Sweet o'er the raptured soul th' o'erpow'ring zest.^b
Blest are your chastened fires, ye Lord of love,
Blest the delight of seraphim above !

Dear is that heart which draws a blessing down
By the soft bands of pure desire alone ;
Who gaze enamour'd on that deathless friend
All hail ! his palace, yours, whose realm shall
never end !

EULOGY ON LOYALTY.

MY heart ! be sterling in thy loyalty,
No coin more current issues from the die.
Turn not from him whose lips its impress bear,
Lest amid friends, thy cheek shame's livery wear.
If thus from truth, unswerved the mental rein,^a
Thou o'er a foe-man's heart a friend shalt reign.
Oh change not as the rolling spheres of guile,
Nor veil from friendship's cheek thy sun-warn smile,
For were its sacred precincts overpast,
'Twere bootless injury to friends at last.
What guilt is his, who love entrusted guest,
Severs the ties in fond affections breast ;
Leave broken faith to woman's devious way,
Nor falsely learn by her, from truth and love to stray.^b

THE EXCELLENCE OF GRATITUDE TO GOD.

INCREASE of peace and joy o'erflow thy soul,
From the full tide of grateful love's controul ;
Thus point thine onward course 'mid blessing blest,
Until thou hail the gates of endless rest.

Oh breathe not unto heaven thy suppliant sighs,
'Till o'er thine altar this sweet incense rise ;
Thus, if unbound thy tongue to waft his praise,
Round thee shall wealth eternal shed its rays.

What stamps a loftier impress on the brow
Of rank, than gratitude's triumphant glow ?

Oh should in ceaseless thanks the souls aspire
Of all our race, till nature's laws expire ;*

For myriad blessings from the Lord of heaven,
Not one poor weak return to him were given.

Still should we strive to raise the grateful strain,
Whose accents sweet adorn religious train ;

Fix on the Lord of life the adoring gaze,
Refresh'd through showers of gratitude and praise.

On virtue's garden, on religion's bow'r,
The grateful dews, distil, and rear a lovely flower.

EULOGY ON TRUTH.

BLEST soul ! if swerveless rectitude thy choice,
In fortune's waneless sun shalt thou rejoice.
Scorns not the sage unsullied Candour's claim,
From whose pure form he hails a lofty name ?
For should her spotless charms within thee glow,
Thou own'st a seraph spirit here below.
Breathe not,^a till robed by her unsullied light,
Whose victor ray unfolds both wrong and right.
Still from the dawn her purest light adore,
Till from dark seas of ignorance, the shore
Thou hail ; then, entering in that hour
Her bloomy garden, cull that fadeless flow'r,
The rose without a thorn,^b in virtue's bow'r.

IN REPROBATION OF FALSEHOOD.

SAY thou, who prone to falsehood's erring gloom,
How save thee on the day of final doom ?
What baser than the vile and slanderous tongue,
That blights the fairest flower in virtue's throng ?
For who in hate, may wield that bitter foe,
Veils the pure light with which his heart would glow.
A lying tongue shall sting thy soul with shame,
And stamp its restless fever on thy frame.
Beware, my brother, list the counsel given,
And dread the thunders of the King of heaven ;
Derisive Scorn shall mock thy shameless face,
And ope the door of sorrow and disgrace.
The truly sage such reptiles have forsworn,
And pass the grov'ling beings in silent scorn.

DESCRIPTION OF PATIENCE.

IF meek eyed Patience as thy mate, be given
On earth, be thine the eternal wealth of heaven!
Shed o'er the pious sage thy sweet controul,
Thou lov'd profession of the gentle soul.
Thou op'st the door of life, supernal bliss ;
No other key may claim such pow'r as this.—
Oh ! it shall bless thy heart's desire,—thy will,
Freed from life's thraldom by unerring skill.
In every grade of life to patience yield,
For in that theme what sterling sense conceal'd !
Yes, it shall vest thee with prosperity,
And from the pangs of care shall set thee free.
That portal key that cheers the longing sight,
Throws wide the regions of unbounded light :
Thus, if Religion thine, this virtue win ;
For hot Impatience is the snare of sin.

ON DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

BEHOLD yon azure dome, the sapphire sky,
Rear in unpillar'd might its canopy !
That vast pavillion gemm'd with worlds of light
Whose circling glories boast a boundless flight,—
And as they roll, survey man's chequer'd state,
And scan the destinies of mortal fate.
Here the poor sentry takes his lonely stand,
There throned in state, a monarch rules a land ,
Here in the various grades of life, behold
Beggars for justice or th' imperial gold.^a
Here one in bootless toil breaks down his health,
There, whose vast treasury o'erflows with wealth ;
Here on a mat, reclin'd a harass'd frame,
There on a throne, who boasts the regal name.
Behold in clothing vile some take their stand,
While glow in silk the magnates of the land ;
This, in the wretchedness of want is found,—
To that, exhaustless treasures abound.

This, unsuccessful, blames his hapless fate,
That, gains his heart's desire, with hope elate.
One vigour braced,—one breathes the helpless sigh;
One grey in years, and one in infancy.
One in religion, one in crime we meet—
One bow'd in prayer, one rob'd in dark deceit.
This, wont to bless us ; that, too fiercely wrong ;
This, meekly bows ; that, dares the battle throng ;
This, Lord of dignity, an empire's throne ;
That, in sin's bondage, heaves the hopeless groan ;
Here is enjoyment ; there, imbitter'd pain ;
Here, droops distress—there, soars unbounded gain.
One, in the flow'ry garden of repose,
Another, constant mate of countless woes ;
This man, with riches' increase swells his store ;
That, scarce can rear a famish'd offspring poor.
See here, the lamp of gladness beaming bright ;
There, sorrow turns the fairest day 'to night !
Here, crowned brows—there, claim'd the tribute just ;
This, rears his head ; that, prostrates in the dust.

Here gladness reigns supreme, and there is grief;
Here boasts prosperity ; there, needs relief;
These, smiling as the rose from pleasures glow ;
Those, spirit wounded, deepest sorrows show.

One breathes his soul in prayer and praise sublime,
Another ends a hardened life in crime.

By day and night, this reads the sacred book ;
That, drugg'd by wine, sleeps in yon tavern nook.

One as a pillar in God's temple stands ;
Another joins the caffer's faithless bands.^b

One blest with deeds of faith and charity !
Another whelm'd in seas of infamy.

One prudent, wise and polish'd here we find,
Another senseless, and of brutish mind ;

Here, the bold hero dares the mortal strife,
There, flies the coward trembling for his life ;

These, at the threshold of the living God ;
Those, throng the infidels' abandoned road.

ON THE INSTABILITY OF WORLDLY OBJECTS.

HENCEFORTH, trust not to fortune-chequered fate,
Lest sudden doom attend life's transient state ;
Trust not to empire, nor to grandeur's train,
They all have perished, and must fade again !
Lean not on countless hosts of martial pride,
Whose victor waves oft feel an ebbing tide ;
Distrust thy banner'd might, thine ample lands,
For sudden fate may crush your gallant bands ;
Confide not in a throne's imperial state,
Lest death's swift firman, seal as swift a fate.
Nor glad thy gaze with treasure or parade,
Whose pride must vanish, and whose light must fade.
Pursue not evil, lest thy hopes be vain,
For golden fields spring not from worthless grain :
Nor joy in station, nor the imperial grace,
Since anxious fear oft trembles at its base.
Many a sooltan whose vast empire stood,—
Myriads of warriors o'er land and flood,

Many an arm which made whole squadrons reel,
And lion-hearts^a that carved their path with steel;—
Countless the forms in beauty's light array'd,
Whose sunny charms illumined bower and glade;—
Countless the happy beings in this our globe,
Rich in their blushes, as the bridal robe;—
Names of renown, entrench'd on fortune's brow,
And cheeks where living roses lov'd to glow;—
All, all^b have left thy robes life's sunny ray,
And veil'd their faded forms in mantling clay.
Thus here, my son, no changeless good, no rest;
Then trifle not with life, its passing guest,
Nor breathe insidious pleasures gale, that flows
Stealing from skies surcharged with myriad woes.
Thus, thus life's harvest floats upon the wind,
Nor leaves one mark of transient joy behind!
Oh love not then this captivating dome,
Where hearts unblest, for joy would vainly roam.
Love not a desert, frail, and tottering fane,
Which, void of good, o'erflows with grief and pain.

Here in life's garden tow'rs no tree on high,
Which 'scapes the stubborn axe of destiny.
Forget this spot, where thou no more must dwell,
Oh! hear the bard's last words, receive his last
farewell!^c

Such are the Ethics of one of the best writers that Persia has ever produced. Such generous feeling for the afflicted—such noble daring in the cause of truth and unbiassed justice, would almost exalt him to be the guardian penman of a free state: and we cannot help regretting, that such a man had not been favoured with a purer creed, and more dignified ritual, than those of Mahomet.

NOTES.

^a “In the name.”—This sentence very generally heads Arabic and Persian compositions, as well in prose as in verse ; and is the prefix to nearly every soorū or chapter in the Cooran.

^b “The fetter’d captives.”—“Kumund,” ~~سیم~~ in the original signifies a noose ; and was a species of lassoo, used in the antique warfare of Persia, for the purpose of dragging the warrior from his horse, or otherwise entangling, or securing him. The poet therefore represents mankind as “the prisoner of the noose of Passion,” an expression too bold and oriental for the genius of our language.

^c “The lord of speech.”—This Eastern periphrasis, is adopted to express the simple, though energetic original ; (verbally) “as long as the tongue within the mouth, be place-possessing.”

^d “Booraq’s might.”—As the reader may not perhaps be familiar with Mahomet’s night-journey to heaven, on the animal named Al Booraq, it may not be irrelevant to give a sketch of this event, important as connected with Moslem theology. We are told that the prophet one night heard a knocking at his door, and that on opening it he found the angel Gabriel, with seventy pair of wings expanded, and the animal Al Booraq standing by his side. The angel desired Mahomet to mount ; but having been unemployed from the time of Christ to that of the prophet, Booraq had become so mettlesome, that Mahomet could with difficulty seat himself. However, when firmly seated, he transported the prophet from Mecca to Jerusalem in the twinkling of an eye ;—where, dismounting, they found a ladder of light ready fixed for them, by which they immediately ascended to the seventh heaven. His return was effected in the same manner. This expedition is

alluded to in the seventeenth chapter of the Cooran. The animal is styled by the Persians, بُرَاق مُسَاق (Booraq i suádut musaq) i. e. Booraq of the fortunate impulse.

PROSE TRANSLATION OF THE ORIGINAL.

Vouchsafe thy mercy to our (hapless) state !
 Since we are the captives of the snare of Passion ;
 Save thee, we have no other defender ;
 Thou art the Pardoner of our sins and the All-sufficient.
 Oh defend us from the paths of sin,
 Absolve us from our crimes, and teach us to live a spotless life.
 As long as this tongue within my mouth be place-possessing,
 The praise of Mahomet shall be dear to my heart ;
 The beloved of God ;—the noblest of prophets,
 Who was supported on the throne of his glory.
 Who, mounted on the victorious, high bred* Booraq,
 Passed over the palace of the azure vault.
 (Yet) forty years of thy precious life are past,
 And thy nature has not passed the state of childhood,
 Spending all thy time in lust and pride,
 Nor hast thou passed one moment in piety !
 Prop not thyself upon unstable life,
 Nor be secure of the sports of fortune.

* Literally, a light bay.

ON THE GLORY OF GENEROSITY.

* The Orientals lay a great stress upon this virtue: of Hatem Taee, whose name has descended to them as a term for generosity itself, the following interesting events are recorded:—

The emperor of Constantinople having heard much of Hatem's liberality, resolved to make trial of it. For this purpose he dispatched a person from his court, to request a particular horse which he knew the Arabian prince valued above all his other possessions. The officer arrived at Hatem's abode in a dark tempestuous night, at a season when all the horses were at pasture in the meadows. He was received in a manner suitable to the dignity of the imperial envoy, and treated that night with the utmost hospitality. The next day the officer delivered to Hatem his message from the emperor: Hatem seemed concerned.—"If," said he, "you had yesterday apprised me of your errand, I should instantly have complied with the emperor's request; but the horse he asks, is now no more; being surprised by your arrival, and having nothing else to regale you with, I ordered him to be killed and served up to you last night for supper."* Hatem immediately ordered the finest horses to be brought, and begged the ambassador to present them to his master. The prince could not but admire this mark of Hatem's generosity, and owned that he truly merited the title of the most liberal among men.

It was the fate of Hatem to give umbrage to other monarchs. Numan, king of Yemen, conceived a violent jealousy against him, on account of his reputation, and thinking it easier to destroy than surpass him, the envious prince commissioned one of his sycophants to rid him of his rival. The courtier hastened to the desert where the Arabs were encamped. Discovering their tents at a distance, he reflected he had never seen Hatem, and was contriving means to obtain a knowledge of his person, without

* The Arabians prefer the flesh of horses to any other food.

exposing himself to suspicion. As he advanced, deep in meditation, he was accosted by a man of an amiable figure, who invited him to his tent: he accepted the invitation, and was charmed with the politeness of his reception. After a splendid repast, he offered to take leave, but the Arab requested him to prolong his visit. "Generous stranger," answered the officer, "I am confounded by your civilities, but an affair of the utmost importance obliges me to depart." "Might it be possible for you," replied the Arab, "to communicate to me this affair, which seems so much to interest you? You are a stranger in this place; if I can be of any assistance to you, freely command me." The courtier resolved to avail himself of the offer of his host, and accordingly imparted to him the commission he had received from Numan. "But how," continued he, "shall I, who have never seen Hatem, execute my orders? Bring me to the knowledge of him, and add this to your other favours." "I have promised you my service, answered the Arab; "behold, I am a slave to my word. Strike," said he, "uncovering his bosom; spill the blood of Hatem; and may my death gratify the wish of your prince, and procure you the reward you hope for. But the moments are precious; defer not the execution of your king's command, and depart with all possible expedition: the darkness will aid your escape from the revenge of my friends. If to-morrow you be found here, you are inevitably undone."

These words were a thunderbolt to the courtier. Struck with a sense of his crime, and the magnanimity of Hatem, he fell down on his knees, exclaiming, "God forbid that I should lay a sacrilegious hand upon you. Nothing shall ever urge me to such baseness." At these words he quitted the tent, and took the road again to Yemen. The cruel monarch, at the sight of his favourite demanding the head of Hatem, the officer gave him a faithful relation of what had passed. Numan in astonishment cried out, "It is with justice, O Hatem, that the world reveres you as a kind of divinity. Men, instigated by a sentiment of generosity, may bestow their whole fortune; but to sacrifice life, is an action above humanity."

After the decease of Hatem, the Arabs, over whom he presided refused to embrace Islamism ; for this disobedience, Mahomet condemned them all to death, except the daughter of Hatem, whom he spared on account of her father's memory. This generous woman, seeing the executioners ready to perform the cruel command, threw herself at the prophet's feet, and conjured him either to take away her life or pardon her countrymen. Mahomet, moved with such nobleness of sentiment, revoked the decree he had pronounced, and for the sake of Hatem's daughter, granted pardon to the whole tribe.

"Hatem was a poet also," observes Professor Carlyle ; "and an Arabian author, (quoted in Pococke's "Spec. Hist. Arab.") thus emphatically describes his character as an author and man of feeling :—

يشبه شعره جوده و يصدق قوله فمه

"His poems expressed the charms of beneficence, and his practice evinced that he wrote from the heart."

• "A full voiced world ;" a literal translation of the energetic compound, بُر آوازه (poor-awazuh.)

• "That thou mayst bear ;" this is an allusion to the game called chowgong, performed on horseback. A goal is placed at each extremity of a plain, and each rider is provided with a stick curved at one end ; with which, stooping down (often when riding at full speed,) he endeavours to drive the ball beyond the goal : in some Persian paintings, the stick is represented somewhat in the form of a crutch. He who succeeds in his attempt, is said, گوی بردن "gooe boordun"—"to bear off the ball :"—hence, metaphorically, "to gain the victory, to excel."

Saüdee observes in his Goolistan, "Since both the good and bad must expire, happy is that man, who bears off the ball of virtue.

“ ‘Twill make thee precious :’ this line and the following, are nearly literal translations.

‘ The original is, ‘ Humility is an ornament to the neck of the exalted in rank ; but if the beggar practises humility, it is his :’ thus paraphrased by Dr. Gilchrist :—

“ Let this reflection never once prove true,
That beggars are much better bred than you.”

The translator would apologize for the introduction of an extract from a MS. poem on this subject ; as it contains an idea somewhat analogous to Suúdee’s :—

Lofty humility ! who dost enthrone
With nobler seat and brighter diadem
The crownless child of Adam, than the Lord
Of boundless realms and endless satrapy,—
In whose prolific paradise, of soil
Unearthly, blooms th’ immortal tree, whose branch
Surebarged with fruit celestial, bows its head
Like to the forehead of the great in prayer,—
Give me to worship at thy potent shrine,
‘Till from high communings, the muse aspire
To wing ethereal flight, and kindred flame
Dart down upon thy sacred altar, and
Accept the sacrifice devote to thee !

ON PRIDE.

* "Uzazeel"—a name of Satan, otherwise styled Eblis. Eastern tradition tells us, that he was ordered with the other angels to worship Adam; he refused; as considering himself a being formed of fire, and man, of earth only; hence his expulsion from heaven. His original name is said to have been Harith, which signifies a guardian.

† "Prisoned curses"—the translator has endeavoured to convey some idea of the energetic Orientalism "zindani luúnut"—prison of cursing.

ON THE EXCELLENCE OF KNOWLEDGE.

* "The sons."—These two lines are nearly literal translations.

† "Invoke that ardent search"—Dr. Gilchrist observes on the original of this line, that had he not been biassed by preceding authorities, he should have conceived that the author meant, "besides, learning is more valuable than land." The word

پیش peesh, (before), in the original, certainly signifies precedence in rank, as well as in place. The reader will perceive that the usual version is here followed. Dr. Gilchrist also, so renders it in his Hindoostance translation.

• “Unshrinking treasures”—in the original “the treasures of Caroon;” Caroon is the Cora of the Mosaic account; he is the Cræsus of the orientals. The following is extracted from Sale’s note on the 28th sooru or chap. of the Cooran.—

“The commentators represent him as the most beautiful of the Israelites; and so far surpassing them all in opulence, that the riches of Caroon have become a proverb. We are told that he built a large palace overlaid with gold, whose doors were of massy gold:—that he became so insolent because of his immense riches, as to raise a sedition against Moses. At length, on his falsely accusing that prophet, God, to whom he complained, directed him to command the earth to accomplish what he pleased and it should obey him. Whereupon he said, ‘*Oh earth swallow them up!*’ and that immediately the earth opened under Caroon and his confederates, and swallowed them up, with his palace and his riches. There is a tradition, that as Caroon sunk gradually into the ground, first to his knees, next to his waist, then to his neck, he cried out three several times, ‘*Oh Moses, have mercy on me!*’ but that Moses continued to say, ‘*Oh earth swallow them up!*’ till at last, he wholly disappeared. Upon which, God said to Moses, ‘*Thou hadst no mercy on Caroon, though he asked pardon of thee three times; but I would have had compassion on him, if he had asked pardon of me but once.*’”

• “In wretchedness.”—So exactly Don Juan de Arguijo,

“*Mira al avaro, in sus tiquezas pobre.*”

“Behold the avaricious, poor amid his riches!”

• “Feed upon the soul.”—There is a strong poetic contrast and imagery, in supposing the liberal man to be feeding on the fruits of his wealth; (charitable deed); and on the contrary, the avaricious to be fed upon by the offspring of his; (a series of unabated care.)

ON ASSOCIATING WITH THE IGNORANT.

a "For gloom."—This line is completely paraphrastic; as our idiom would not bear the sense of the original so closely in connection with the foregoing line, viz.

" Zi jabil goorezinduh choon teer bash,
Ne amikhtu choon shukur sheer bash."

" Fly from ignorance like an arrow,
Nor be mingled like milk and sugar."

i. e. "associate not with the evil, lest your sweetness of disposition and amiability be lost, as sugar fades from the sight, and is comparatively nullified by its admixture with milk." We shall perceive a still greater propriety in this simile, when we consider that the Persians are particularly fond of sweetmeats.

b " Thy mate."—Yari ghar يار غار—literally, the companion of the cave: i. e. an intimate or bosom friend.

c " The gibbet's brow."—In the original there is a sarcastic play, upon the words, سر چادلن & سر دار suri jahilan, and suri dar, "the head of the ignorant," and "the head of the gallows. Nizamee, speaking on this subject in his usual sententious way, says, "Whoever has in him, the jewel of prudence, has power over every thing."

EULOGY ON JUSTICE.

• "That distant monarch."—Nousheerwan. This prince is also styled by the native historians, Khosrou. He was cotemporary with Justinian, from whom he retook several important conquests. The oriental writers are full of this illustrious monarch's praises; he is the Aristides of the East. Of the same prince, our author observes in his Goolistan,

" The name of the happy Nousheerwan still exists, from his virtues, though very many years have elapsed since his decease."

• "Withhold no kindness"—(riayut) from thy subjects (riyut) an elegant play of words in the original. On this subject Nizamee nobly observes,

" Justice is a lamp for thee, enlightening night;
It is to-day, a companion for thee to-morrow."

ON OPPRESSION.

• It has been but too often the custom, to accuse the Eastern writers of servility in style and language. The bold and energetic addresses of our author, are direct confutations of such sentiments. Throughout the whole of these pieces, there breathe a fearlessness and independence, not always found in European states. In the Goolistan, Suñdee is full of noble invective against tyranny.

* “Of the spheres.”—A paraphrase of, “the wealth of Caroon;” of whom we have before spoken.

† The Persians attach the same force to this term, in a sarcastic point of view, as the English خر بـا تـشـدـيـد khuri ba tushdeed, “doubly an ass,” is equivalent to a twice dubbed fool.

“ “A second die.”—In the original there is a forcible analogy between the sound and sense; thus versified by Dr. Gilchrist:—

“ With sterling coin, why still so loath to part,
That each appears struck reeking from thy heart.”

EULOGY ON PIETY AND DEVOTION.

* “Thus strong.”—In the original, اگر بندی میان ugur bundee meeyan—if thou gird thy loins; if thou be fervently resolved. A phrase corresponding to the “ accingere se operi,” of the Romans.

† “In devotion’s streams.”—The translator has endeavoured to convey some idea of the elegant orientalism آب عبادت abi ibadut, the waters of devotion:—an expression forcibly contrasted with the following,—

“ Kih furda zi atish, shuvee roostgar.”

“ That thou mayest be saved from the *flames* to-morrow.”

“ ‘‘Rays of piety.’’—In the original, the “Lamp of piety” is the counterpart of that beautiful expression of the Psalmist,

“ Thy word is a lamp unto my feet.”

So also Nizamee, in the opening of his “Sekandur namuh,”

“ Thou illuminates my mental vision,
Making the lamp of thy counsel my guide.”

ON SATAN AND SINNERS.

• “The deepest dungeon.”—In the language of Suídee, a very energetic expression, اسفل اسفلین usful isafuleen—“the lower of the lowest,” so exactly Milton:—

“ And in the lowest deep, a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me, open wide.”

• The Persian is simple, though forcible—

For sugar is dissolved by water.

ON DIVINE LOVE AND WINE.

• The reader will not fail to recollect what has been said relative to the Soofee doctrines ; as this consideration will at once prove the allegorical tendency of this poem. This is, in fact, one of those odes which, though beautifully allusive to earthly loveliness, has no more connection with such a theme, than the glowing images in the Song of Solomon. (Vide p. 14, 15, and 16.)

• " O'erpowering zest."—In the original *زوق مستی*—“Zouq i mustee,” “zest of intoxication ;” an expression too bold for our idiom, though the poet by this forcible image, represents the pious Soofee, as being overpowered by the rich fulness of love divine. So also, though perhaps actuated by an evil principle, the *εὐθετικός*, that spirit-inspiration of the Pythia, amongst the pagan Grecians.

EULOGY ON LOYALTY AND TRUTH.

• " Leave broken faith."—As Suúdee was so unfortunate in his choice of a companion, we can scarcely be surprised at this little burst of invective against the fair sex ;—such a sentiment is very rarely adopted by a Persian.

EULOGY ON TRUTH.

• "Breathe not."—A literalism from the original, signifying, "speak not, enter not into conversation."

• "The rose without a thorn."—Both Italians and English have freely made use of this orientalism, perhaps without being aware of their obligations.

IN REPROBATION OF FALSEHOOD.

• "Veils the pure light."—The phraseology of the Eastern original is beautifully simple—

"Churaghi dilush nubashud surogb."
There is no light in the lamp of his heart.

ON DESTINY AND PROVIDENCE.

• Throughout the whole of this piece, Suúdee has placed the various conditions of life in the most varied, yet forcible antitheses.

• “Beggars for justice.”—The translator has endeavoured to preserve the peculiar contrast of the originals **بَاجْ خَوَاجَ** and **دَادْ خَوَاجَ** *baj-kh'ah*, and *dad-kh'ah*, “justice-begging and tax-begging.”

• “The caffier,” or unbeliever; literally “the path of the caffier-beited;” an allusion to the custom by which all, who were not Moslem, were obliged to wear a broad belt, as a distinguishing mark of difference of faith; but more particularly was this badge worn by the Fire worshippers and the Jews.

ON THE INSTABILITY OF WORLDLY OBJECTS.

• “And Lion-hearts.”—The translator has endeavoured to give some idea of the energetic compounds in the original—literally,

Many fierce-heroes, army-breaking—
Many Lion-men, sword-smiting.

• “All, all.”—The writings of Suúdee, as well in prose as verse, abound with beautiful reflections on the instability of fortune. There is a simple eloquence in representing the robes of life, as exchanged for those of clay. A literal translation of this passage is much more descriptive than the version in the text—*viz.*—

“Who have rent the robes of life,
And have withdrawn their heads, within the mantle of clay.”

APPENDIX.

Containing a system for the pronunciation of the Persian words occurring in this work; being with very few exceptions that of Dr. Gilchrist.

The following rules, have *no variations nor exceptions.*

CONSONANTS. The Q, sounded nearly as C, in "call,"—All the rest, as in English.

VOWELS. "A," invariably as in "fall," "ball," or the A of the Italians.

E, as that letter in "feign," "feint," or like the continental "E."

EE, as in "fleet."

I, as in "fill," "fin,"—or the French I.

O, as in "rose," "foes,"—OU, as in "bound," "found."

OO, as in cool.

U, as in "but," "nut," "lull,"—never as the U, in "rule," or that in "full,"—This should be carefully attended to.

Y, as in "fly," "spy."

The reader who may observe these few simple and invariable rules, will find no difficulty in pronouncing the Persian sentences which occur in this work, with tolerable propriety.